

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A faire one are you:) well you fit our age,
With flowres of Winter,
Perd. Sir, the yeare growing ancient,
Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth
Of firembing winter, the fayrest flowres of the season
Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gilly-vors,
(Which some call Natures bastards) of that kind
Our rusticke Gardens barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)
Do you neglect them,
Perd. For I have heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their pidenesse shares
With great creating-Nature,

Pol. Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no meane,
But Nature makes that Meane: so ouer that Art,
(Which you say addes to Nature) is an Art.
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Sen, to the wildest Stocke,
And make conceyue a barke of baser kinde
By bad of Nobler race. This is an Art
Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but
The Art it selfe, is Nature.

Perd. So it is.
Pol. Then make you Garden rich in Gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Perd. Ile not put
The Dible in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well: and onely therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowres for you:
Hot Laurel, Mints, Sauory, Mariorum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with Sun,
And with him rises, weeping: These are flowres
Of middle summer, and I thinke they are giuen
To men of middle age. Yare very welcome.

Cam. I should leane grafting, were I of your flocke,
And onely live by gazing.

Perd. Our alas:
You'd be so leane, that blasts of Ianuary
Would blow you through and through. Now (my fairst
I would I had some Flowres o'th Spring, that might
Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
That weare vpon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing: O *Proserpina*,
For the Flowres now, that (frighted) thou let'st fall
From *Dysse* Waggon: Daffadils,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The windes of March with beauty: Violets (dim,
But sweeter then the lids of *Iuno's* eyes,
Or *Cytherea's* breath) pale Prime-roses,
That dye vnmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength (a Maladie
Most incident to Maids:) bold Oxlips, and
The Crowne Imperiall: Lillies of all kinds,
(The Flowre-de-Luce being one.) O, these I lacke,
To make you Garlands of) and my sweet friend,
To strew him o're, and ore,

Flo. What's like a Coarse?

Perd. No, like a banke, for Loue to lye, and play on:
Not like a Crosse: or if: not to be buried,
But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your flours,
Me thinke I play as I haue seene them do
In Whitson-Pastorals: Sure this Robe of mine

Do's change my disposition:

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speake (Sweet)
I'd haue you do it euer: When you sing,
I'd haue you buy, and sell so: so giue Almshouses,
Pray so: and for the ord'ring your Affayres,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A waue o'th Sea, that you might euer do
Nothing but that: moue still, still so:
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(So singular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Actes, are Queenes.

Perd. O *Doricles*,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth
And the true blood which peepes fairely through it,
Do plainly giue you out an vnstain'd Shepherd,
With wisdom, I might feare (my *Doricles*)
You wou'd me the false way.

Flo. I thinke you haue
As little skill to feare, as I haue purpose
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my *Perdita*): so Turtles paire
That neuer meane to part.

Perd. Ile sweare for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest Low-borne Lasse, that euer
Ran on the greene-ford: Nothing she do's, or seemes
But smacks of something greater then her selfe,
Too Noble for this place.

Cam. He tels her something
That makes her blood looke on't: Good sooth she is
The Queene of Curds and Creame.

Flo. Come on: strike vp.

Dorcas. *Mopsa* must be your Mistris: marry Garlick
to mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now in good time.

Flo. Not a word, a word, we stand vpon our manners,
Come, strike vp.

Here a Dauce of Shepherds and
Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray good Shepherd, what faire Swaine is this,
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and boasts himselfe
To haue a worthy Feeding: but I haue it
Vpon his owne report, and I beleue it:
He lookes like sooth: he sayes he loues my daughter,
I thinke so too: for neuer gaz'd the Moone
Vpon the water, as hee'l stand and reade
As 'twere my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,
I thinke there is not halfe a kisse to choose
Who loues another best.

Pol. She dances feadly.

Shep. So she do's any thing, though I report it
That should be silent: If young *Doricles*

Do light vpon her, she shall bring him that

Which he not dreames of.

Ser. O Master: if you did but heare the Pedler at the
doore, you would neuer dance againe after a Tabor and
Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not moue you: hee sings
seuerall Tunes, faster then you'll tell money: hee veters
them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens eares grew to
his Tunes.

Flo. He could neuer come better: hee shall come in:
I loue a ballad but euen too well, if it be dolefull matter
merrily set downe: or a very pleasant thing indeede, and
sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes:
No Milliner can so fit his customers with Gloues: he has
the prettiest Loue-songs for Maids, so without bawdrie
(which is strange,) with such delicate burthens of Dil-
do's and Fadings: Iump-her, and thump-her; and where
some stretch-mouth'd Rascall, would (as it were) meane
mischeefe, and breake a fowle gap into the Matter, hee
makes the maid to answere, *Whoop, doe me no harme good*
man: put's him off, slight's him, with *whoop, doe mee no*
harme good man.

Pol. This is a braue fellow.
Flo. Beleeeue mee, thou talkest of an admirable con-
ceited fellow, has he any vnbraided Wares?

Ser. Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th Raine-
bow; Points, more then all the Lawyers in *Bohemia*, can
learnedly handle, though they come to him by th' grosse:
Ickles, Caddyssees, Cambricks, Lawnes: why hee sings
em ouer, as they were Gods, or Goddessees: you would
thinke a Smocke were a shee-Angell, hee so chauntes to
the sleeue-hand, and the worke about the square on't.

Flo. Pre'thee bring him in, and let him approach sin-
gling.

Perd. Forewarne him, that he vse no scurrilous words
in's tunes.

Flo. You haue of these Pedlers, that haue more in
them, then you'd thinke (Sister.)

Perd. I, good brother, or go about to thinke.

Enter *Autolycus* singing.

Lawne as white as driven Snow,
Cypresse blacke as ere was Crow,
Gloues as sweete as Damaske Roses,
Masks for faces, and for noses:
Bugle-bracelet, Necke lace Amber,
Perfume for a Ladies Chamber:
Golden Quoifes, and Stomachers
For my Lads, to giue their deers:
Pint, and peaking-sticks of Steele.
What Maids lacke from head to heele:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry: Come buy.

Flo. If I were not in loue with *Mopsa*, thou shouldst
take no money of me, but being enthrall'd as I am, it will
also be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloues.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the Feast, but they
come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more then that, or there
be lyars.

Mop. Helhath paid you all he promis'd you: May be
he has paid you more, which will shame you to giue him
againe.

Flo. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they
weare their plackets, where they should bear their faces?
Is there not milking-time? When you are going to bed?
Or kill-hole? To whistle of these secrets, but you must
be tittle-tatling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are
whispering: clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I haue done: Come you promis'd me a tawdry-
lace, and a paire of sweet Gloues.

Flo. Haue I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the
way, and lost all my money.

Aut. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, ther-
fore it behooues men to be wary.

Flo. Feare not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here
of charge.

Flo. What hast heere? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy some: I loue a ballet in print, a
life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very dolefull tune, how a Vi-
rers wife was brought to bed of twenty money baggs at
a burthen, and how she long'd to cate Adders heads, and
Toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, thinke you?

Aut. Very true, and but a moneth old.

Dor. Blesse me from marrying a Viurer.

Aut. Here's the Midwiues name to't: one *Mist, Tale-*
Porter, and five or six honest Wiues, that were present.
Why should I carry lyes abroad?

Mop. Pray you now buy it.

Flo. Come-on, lay it by: and let's first see moe Bal-
lads: Wee'l buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a Fish, that appeared
vpon the coast, on wensday the fourescore of April, fortie
thousand fadom aboue water, & sung this ballad against
the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a Wo-
man, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she wold not ex-
change flesh with one that lou'd her: The Ballad is very
pittifull, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, thinke you.

Aut. Five Iustices hands at it, and witnesses more
then my packe will hold.

Flo. Lay it by too; another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's haue some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the
tune of two maids wooing a man: there's scarce a Maide
westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt beare a part, thou
shalt heare, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't, a month agoe.

Aut. I can beare my part, you must know 'tis my oc-
cupation: Haue at it with you:

Song. Get you hence, for I must goe

Aut. Where it fits not you to know.

Dor. Whether?

Mop. O whether?

Dor. Whether?

Mop. It becom's thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell.

Dor. Me too: Let me goe together:

Mop. Or thou goest to th' Grange, or Mill,

Dor. Isto either thou dost ill,

Aut. Neither.

Dor. What neither?

Aut. Neither:

Dor. Thou hast sworne my Loue to be,

Mop. Thou hast sworne it more to mee.

Then whether goest? Say whether?

Flo. Wee'l haue this song out anon by our selues: My
Father, and the Gent are in sad talke, & wee'll not trouble
them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenches Ile
buy for you both: Pedler let's haue the first choice; folow
me girles.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

Song. Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cope?

My dainty Ducke, my deere-a?

Any Silke: any Thred, any Toyes for your head

Of the new'st, and fins't, fins't weare-a.

Come to the Pedler, Money's a medler,

That doth utter all mens ware-a.

Servant. Mayster, there is three Carters, three Shep-
herds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds y haue made
them.

Bb 3